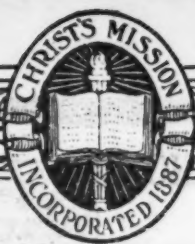


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THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC

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Are Indulgences Still
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APRIL
1920

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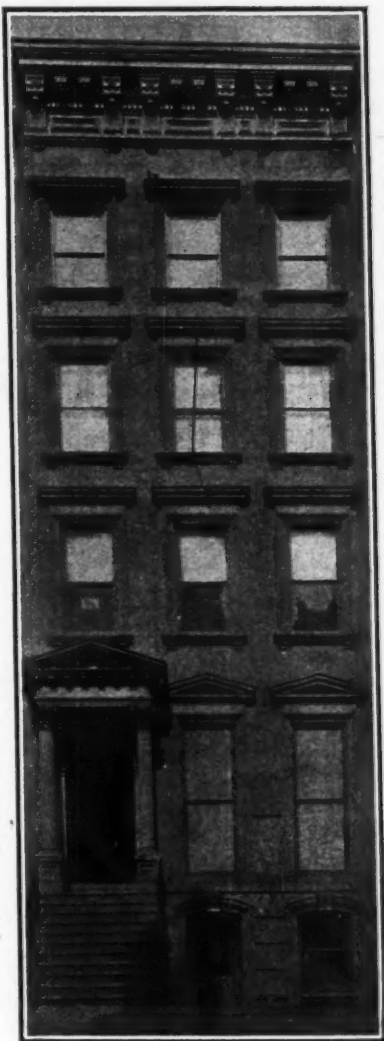
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THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC

Consolidating the Canadian Liberator

An International Magazine

Published Monthly by Christ's Mission,
331 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

*Devoted to the Instruction of Roman Catholics Regarding the Evangelical
Faith, the Enlightenment of Protestants as to the Aims of the
Roman Hierarchy, and the Spiritual Well-being of All.*

(Founded 1883)

By the late James A. O'Connor, D.D. (*Sometime Priest of the Church
of Rome*)

PATRICK MORGAN (*Formerly of the Capuchin Friars*)
Editor

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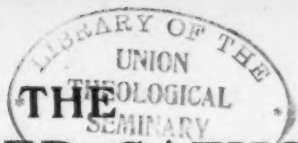
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THE LOVE OF GOD

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as fitful babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best.
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Oh, great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost;
Love Divine! Of such great loving
Faintly mothers know the cost!
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.



CONVERTED CATHOLIC

"When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."—Luke 22: 32.

Vol. XXXVII.

APRIL, 1920

No. 2

EDITORIAL

In the first year of Christ's public ministry our Lord went from Galilee to Jerusalem to attend the feast of the Passover. He there made Himself conspicuous by His zeal for the honor of the house of God in driving out the buyers and sellers, and also by His teaching and the miracles that He wrought. Many who heard Him regarded Him with much interest, and not a few were inclined to believe in Him as certainly a great prophet, perhaps the expected Messiah. But their faith and favor was only partial and superficial; and because He knew their hearts Jesus did not commit Himself to their power, but held aloof from them. In the evening, after one of those active days, He was called upon by a distinguished member of the Sanhedrin—by name Nicodemus—who was also a man in high repute for learning and wisdom. The visit may have been, in part, simply an act of courtesy rendered by the Jewish counsellor to the remarkable Teacher lately come from Galilee. It may also have been made, in part, by the distinguished caller, for the purpose of an interview, in order to gain some acquaintance with this newly revealed Teacher; and while, on the other hand, it is but fair to credit Nicodemus with only an honorable purpose, it is only quite evident that he did not come as a learner to sit at the feet of this young Galilean.

The salutation with which Nicodemus addressed Christ contained a recognition of our Lord's prophetic character, since the miracles wrought by Him were proof that God was with Him, and that itself was accepted as a sufficient attestation that He was "a Teacher sent from God." Christ at once availed Himself of the advantage of the position thus given Him, by which He was enabled to brush aside all mere formalities of politeness, and to pass at once to a direct unfolding of the deep spiritual realities which He came into the world to make known to men.

In all His discourses, whether in public or private, our Lord

seems to have carefully measured the mental and spiritual capabilities of those whom He addressed, and to have fashioned His lessons accordingly. In Nicodemus He detected a learned and a serious man—sincere according to his own conceptions, but still superficial and unspiritual in his religious ideas and character. His case, therefore, called for a courteous but decided rebuke. But on account of his elevated and enlarged culture he was susceptible to spiritual instruction; and accordingly Jesus at once, and without any accompanying explanatory or illustrative statements, announced to him the great fundamental doctrine of the Kingdom that He had come into the world to establish, assuring him, with all the solemnity of asseveration, that "except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Though the form of speech used could not have been new to Nicodemus—for the term "born again" was used by the Jews to indicate the transition of a proselyte from heathenism into the covenanted relations of an Israelite—it is nevertheless evident that the words which fell upon the ears of the illustrious listener indicated to him something deeper and more thoroughly transforming than anything usually contemplated in the process of making proselytes. The thoroughly naturalistic object urged by him evidently only very partially expressed his difficulties in respect to the case; and to those, rather than to what was said, our Lord directed His principal attention. Still holding His thought to the required change He passes forward to show its character by indicating the agencies through which it is effectuated—that it must be "by water and the Spirit."

Putting aside for the moment the absurdity of the idea of a second natural birth our Lord shows that such an event, if it were supposable, would still be entirely unavailable for any good purpose. Birth is always reproduction in kind; and if the required new birth were to be of the flesh the result would be only flesh.

Nicodemus' naturalism failed him, as it has done for all who have attempted to understand spiritual mysteries by their natural reason, and Christ does not purpose to depress His truth to that low level that facts of the spiritual life are manifest; its source of power, and its modes of operation, lie in the region, not of human reason, but of faith.

THE CANONIZATION OF JOAN OF ARC; OR, ROME'S DUPLICITY.

BY REV. C. R. MACFAUL, M. A., OTTAWA, CANADA.

Roman Catholic papers have announced that one of the great events of 1920 will be the formal canonization of Joan of Arc. In view of her being one day made a Roman Catholic saint, on April 18, 1909, in the presence of 30,000 French pilgrims, many cardinals, clergy and others, the ceremonies of the **beatification** of Joan of Arc were carried out in St. Peter's, Rome. A Roman Catholic Press report says: "The Papal Decree, 'De Tuto,' which is the formal act of ratifying the Canonization, was publicly read in the presence of the Holy Father on June 8, 1919. Nothing is now required but the formal canonization, which is a ceremony of imposing grandeur. Invitations will be issued to all nations, France being prominently represented. As this ceremony takes some months to organize, it will probably be May or June next year before it takes place."

This action on the part of the Roman Church has caused new interest in the history of this wonderful maid, and should lead every intelligent person to ask a few pertinent questions.

Who Was Responsible for her Death?

Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, conducted her trial. He was a favorite of Cardinal Beaufort, who had shortly before the trial, recommended him to the Pope for the Bishopric of Rouen. It was Bishop Beauvais who negotiated the ransom of 6,000 francs whereby Joan came under his care when she was to be judged by the Church. In the chapel of the Castle of Rouen, on Feb. 21, 1431, the trial began. The judges present numbered about forty, and on the third day of the trial sixty-two. They are carefully classed, in the report of the trial, as doctors of theology, abbots, canons, doctors in canonical and civil law, with the Bishop of Beauvais at their head. Of the long public trial and private examination and re-examination of Joan, in which not a rule was omitted, "except those of justice, fairness and truth," space will not permit us to mention. Suffice it to say that, with no advocate, no counsel,

no one to conduct her defence, the maid was condemned to the stake. On May 30, 1431, in the old Market Place of Rouen, surrounded by bishops, ecclesiastics and notables, she was burnt alive. Below the stake where Joan was sacrificed was written these words: "Jeanne, called the Maid, Liar, Abuser of the People, Soothsayer, Blasphemer of God, Pernicious, Superstitious, Idolatrous, Cruel, Dissolute, Invoker of Devils, Apostate, Schismatic, Heretic."

The responsibility for the death of Joan rests therefore with the Roman Church. Let it be remembered that the faithful of the Church are taught to put faith in the appearing of saints and angels, in visions and dreams. Lourdes, in France, is founded on the visions of the child Bernadette. Jeanne was but following the teachings of her Church when she believed in the visions and voices which she said constrained her to seek to save France for the French, and yet her Church condemned her as a sorceress. The moment she appealed directly to God and not to the Pope she was a Protestant, although that word had not then been coined, and a heretic, and the stake had to follow; and even though she at one time appeared to submit to the Church, she had relapsed again into error, therefore she must be burnt. Only the Church that has always refused the individual the right of his thoughts and speech, the author of the infernal Inquisition, could have so cruelly sacrificed this pure girl who, free from all thought of self-seeking had never any other motive but to serve her God and deliver her country. After denouncing the Maid as a sorceress, heretic, apostate, idolater, blasphemer of God, and an invoker of devils, Rome will solemnly invite Catholic France to offer to the Vatican their humble and grateful thanks for the honor that the sovereign Pontiff will heap upon that country by canonizing the Maid of Orleans.

If one could believe that the Roman Church had no special part to play to her advantage in canonizing Joan of Arc, we would all greatly rejoice in the acknowledgement that she erred greatly in condemning her to death.

Rome had no intention of stopping with the beatification of the Maid of Orleans. They have been hunting up the records

of Joan's life to find if she ever wrought any special miracles, an essential condition, generally, of a person being canonized. No doubt they have succeeded in their hunt to Rome's satisfaction.

The Roman Catholic Church will have a most difficult task ahead of her hunting up past records to discover the saints she so foully murdered, and declaring she erred in burning and beheading them. She will never possess enough candles and incense to honor all the unknown and authentic saints that she, "the Scarlet Beast of the Tiber," has devoured while drunk "with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

Why Was She Canonized?

France, the elder daughter of the Church, has refused to submit longer to her cruel and crafty Roman mother. The Maid of Orleans is now one of France's greatest heroines and patriots. She was a peasant, a child of the common people. Rome has seized this opportunity of honoring her with a view of winning the favor especially of the people in the humbler walks of life, hoping thus to regain to some extent her lost power in the government of the country, and to recover her lost prestige in France owing to her pretended neutrality during the war. In the Roman Church, as among the heathen, female saints have always been most popular, and the Pope thinks it wise to add the name of the maid to the list of saints, believing that she will be most welcome to the people.

The Church has been a long time coming to this decision. She dared not do it sooner lest her people be scandalized at her placing in her calendar of saints one that she condemned as a heretic and burnt at the stake. It is over 488 years since she committed the cruel deed. She hopes that the great majority of her people, ignorant of the history of the world at that time, will never learn that she was guilty of the crime, and if any do she has decided, because of the advantage she hopes to gain, to run the risk of their accepting her explanation of the part she played.

For duplicity Rome has no equal on the face of the earth.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BRAZIL.

BY EDWARD E. LANE.

A traveler to Russia cannot tell the story of the Russian people without some acquaintance with the faith and practice of the Greek Church. Scotland would not be Scotland without the Presbyterian Church. And certainly no visitor to Brazil can gain insight into the country without an understanding of its dominant religion, that of the Roman Catholic Church. The Vatican claims Brazil as one of her oldest possessions. What has been done with this trust?

The first thing that strikes the new comer to Brazil is that seventy-five per cent. of the people can neither read nor write. The "Correio da Manhã" of Rio de Janeiro prints the following comparison: The State of Ceara has a population of 1,013, 363; and the pupils in the primary schools to the number of 19,127. The State of Connecticut has a population of 1,114,756, and scholars in the public schools to the number of 211,769. The State of Rio de Janeiro, in which is the capital city of the republic, numbers its population at 1,053,000, and its school children at 26,478, while far away New Zealand numbers nearly the same population, 1,071,000, and has a school census of 161,648. With such an immense mass of illiterates, the Brazilian government being witness, there is a widespread lack of books and wholesome literature. The Roman Catholic Church has contributed almost nothing to the spread of learning among the masses. Any progress in education that Brazil has made has been in spite of Rome and not because of her.

The Roman Church has shown an equally lamentable failure in her social mission for the bettering of the standards of conduct and life. No great moral reform in Brazil can be set down to the credit of the Roman Catholic Church. The fight against alcohol which is just beginning on the South American continent does not find the Roman hierarchy an ally of the temperance forces. There are few countries in the world where gambling is more prevalent than in Brazil—but lotteries and other games of chance have not been put under the ban by the institution which more than any other is responsible for

the public conscience. The ravages of the venereal diseases in Brazil are beyond all powers of imagination. Rio de Janeiro, the seat of a cardinal, has one of the largest red light districts in the western world. Perhaps the greatest medical discovery of the world war is that the heaviest and most lasting penalties are visited by the Creator for the violation of the laws of purity. Yet in all Brazil the reign of moral death holds sway and the Roman Catholic Church absolves herself of all responsibility for promoting the purity of her people.

The indifference of Romanism to its mission and its utter failure to cry out for a purer national life has borne its legitimate fruit. Illegitimacy is said to be as high as thirty per cent. of the births. There are priests who live true to their vows of celibacy and chastity, but they are rare. Most Brazilians think of a priest as a bad man. Such is the popular estimate of the moral and spiritual leader of the community. In many places for a priest to call with any regularity at a home would arouse the gravest suspicions.

Politically the Roman Church is also true to form. There is only one country where she hesitates to tamper with politics and that is France. There she has been taught bitter lessons. The Italian Government knows that national liberty is safer when it keeps an eye on the Vatican. The centre party (Roman Catholic) has a powerful place in the Reichstag. If it were not for the Roman Catholic Church there would be no Irish question to trouble the British Commonwealth. In the United States it is a very significant fact that an immense part of the Catholic vote is against the League of Nations. As the most progressive peoples are troubled by the political activities of the Roman hierarchy it is no cause for surprise that in Brazil Rome wields a great influence in elections and in the legislatures.

The Romish Church has also utterly failed in her spiritual mission to the Brazilian people. She preaches no gospel of direct salvation through Jesus Christ. There are no Bibles in circulation in Brazil but those printed by the Protestant Bible Societies. An immense portion of the 25,000,000 inhabitants of Brazil, for whose soul enlightenment the Roman Church has assumed responsibility, are in a trackless wilderness where

the paths of truth and purity are unknown and no heavenly voices call.

To these statements uninformed readers in the United States may take exceptions. Those Protestants who think a truce has come with the Roman Catholic Church and that the breach made by Luther and Calvin is healing should consider what James Bryce says in his book on South America. Writing as a trained diplomat, in guarded language and with great reserve, the distinguished historian says: "Here as in the Argentine the Church and religion seem to have little influence upon the thought or the conduct of laymen. Church attendance is a rare thing in South America. In the development of science, art and letters, and in that intellectual life that goes deepest down into the soul of a people—theology and religious faith—the church has had scarcely any share. If one regards these various nations as a whole, one is struck by the want of such an "atmosphere of ideas," if the phrase is permissible, as that men breathe in western Europe and in North America. When the church fails to stir the currents of intellectual life among the masses of such a people as this, what other influence is there to make for progress? Another fact strikes the traveler with surprise. Both the intellectual life and the ethical standards of conduct of these countries seem to be entirely divorced from religion. Men of the upper classes appear wholly indifferent to theology and to Christian worship. The Roman Church in Spain and Portugal was then, and indeed is now, far below the level at which it stands in France. In Spanish America the same is true. The ministers of religion have ceased not only to rouse the soul, but to supply a pattern of conduct. The Church as a whole has lost its hold on the best spirits. This absence of religious foundation for thought and conduct is a grave misfortune for Latin America."

The three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers will be celebrated in 1920. A hundred years before Plymouth the Portuguese Catholics came to Brazil, a land as richly endowed as North America. Into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church the destinies of this great land were entrusted. Has she kept the faith or has she betrayed the trust?

ARE INDULGENCES STILL BEING SOLD?

BY JOSEPH MC CABE, FORMERLY THE VERY REV. FATHER ANTONY,
OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER.

Nearly 400 years ago a rebellious monk set Europe aflame with revolt against the authority of Rome. Corrupt, sensual, skeptical, laughing at its own devices, the Court of Rome ruled a densely ignorant world with a levity born of ten centuries of secure domination. The world was growing, however, and the sonorous appeal of Luther brought it



JOSEPH McCABE.

to a sudden manhood. As is well known, one of the historic abuses that fired the indignation of Luther was the sale of indulgences. Scornfully he tossed aside the priestly casuistry that would represent the transaction as no "sale," but the "giving" of a spiritual favor—in return for a sum of money.

Half of Europe followed the Saxon monk. But for the armies of Spain and Austria the Papacy would probably have been erased from the map of Europe 200 years ago. Sell indulgences! Protestants look back with amazement on the Papal audacity, and take it as a measure of the dense ignorance of the Middle Ages that even the attempt should be made. It is a test of medieval conditions, a plumbing of the depths of ignorance. And indulgences are sold by the million all over Spain to-day, under the direct and annual authority of the Vatican!

Indulgences Still Being Sold.

The sale of indulgences is so historic a symbol of Papal corruption that I can not do other than take it as the first point in my indictment of the Spanish Church. I refused to believe the fact when it was first brought to my notice, long after I had quitted the Catholic ministry. My informant, an American gentleman who had lived in Spain for more than ten years, forwarded to me copies of these "bulas," as they are called, and the truth was evident. I have since made full inquiries, written on the subject, been "answered" by an English Jesuit—who explained that the indulgence was a pure gift from the Church, in return for a specific sum of money, much as (he did not say this) your soap or your butter is—and have lost all doubt on the subject.

On the windows of Catholic bookshops in Spain one often sees the words "Bulas" in large type. You enter and ask for a "bula"—or you may go to the nearest priest's house for one—and find that there are four species, at two different prices. Lay a peseta on the counter, and demand the ordinary "bula de la Santa Cruzada." A flimsy piece of paper, much sealed and impressed, about a foot square, and with the signature of the Archbishop of Toledo, is handed to you, with your change of twenty-five centimos. You have not bought it. You gave an "alms" of seventy-five centimos (about ten cents) to the Church (minus the shopman's commission), and the Church graciously accorded you—but it would occupy too much of my space even to enumerate the extraordinary spiritual privi-

leges which you can purchase for ten cents in that favored land. The central grace is a "plenary indulgence."

The Passion for Pelf.

Catholic theology teaches that there are two alternatives to Heaven, two unfathomable pits of fire—Hell and Purgatory. If you die in serious, unabsolved sin, you go to Hell; but few Catholics ever think of going there. It is so easy to get one's self drafted into the second department. But the second department, Purgatory, is exceedingly unpleasant; the fire and other horrors are the same; the duration is uncertain. Here, again, however, the Church comes to the rescue. Confession and sorrow have relieved you of the first danger; something may be done to avoid the second. In earlier and harder times one went on the Crusades to achieve this. Some Spaniards offered the Papacy money instead, and received the comforting assurance that the Purgatory debt was canceled (a "plenary indulgence"). The sum has sunk with the course of centuries, and now in Spain you gain this gorgeous assurance, with a dozen others, for an "alms" of a dine! But attempt to give your alms to the poor, and you get no bula.

That is the common bula of Spanish church life. The rich, of course, pay more than the small sum stated on the paper; and as the ignorant peasants find frequent need of this comforting assurance, since it only lasts until they sin again, the amount that the church derives annually from this sordid source of revenue can be imagined. Another bula, of the same price, gives you the same comforting assurance in regard to any deceased friend to whom you may wish to apply it. Since, however, it is never quite sure that your "disposition" came up to the required altitude, you do well to continue buying and trying. A third bula is even cheaper, yet more substantial in its advantages. For fifty centimos (less than ten cents) you obtain permission to eat meat on Fridays and most of the days on which Catholics in less favored countries must not eat meat. Unfortunately, you find that the bula is invalid unless you buy the other bula as well; but twenty or twenty-five cents is fairly cheap for a year's permission to disregard the fast-days.

The Conniving "Composition."

The fourth bula is the most infamous, unless the reader chooses to regard it with humor. Technically, it is known as the "composition"—an excellent word. It says that if you have any stolen property of which you can not discover the rightful owner, the purchase of this bula makes the property yours. The pickpocket does not usually know the address of his victim; and though the bula declares that the theft must not be committed in view of the bula, the practised conscience of a Spanish thief easily negotiates that difficulty. But this is not the full enormity or the full justification of the title "composition." One bula costs about twenty-five cents, and covers three dollars' worth of ill-gotten goods. For every additional three dollars' worth you have stolen you must give twenty-five cents to the Church—in other words, take out a fresh bula. And—let me quote the incredible words of the document—"in the event of the sum due exceeding seven hundred thirty-five pesetas fifty centimos (one hundred twenty-five dollars), the amount compoundable by fifty Summaries, application must be made to Us for a fitting solution of the case!" The priest will take his tithe of your knavery on a scale he thinks fit to determine.

The Finger of the Pope.

Let it be clearly understood that I am not reproducing the statements of writers, travelers or residents; I am describing, or translating, the very words of the bulas, copies of which lie before me. Incredible as the facts will seem to most readers, there is only one quibble which the zealous Catholic, in his misguided wish to defend the Spanish Church, can raise: he will demur at the phrases "bought" and "sold." I may safely leave that question of casuistry to the reader. From this appalling traffic the Spanish Church draws millions upon millions of pesetas every year—from the rich, who thus pay for its political support, and from the densely ignorant peasantry, whose hard-won centimos are stolen by this abominable chicanery.

English Roman Catholics who heard of the traffic for the first time, innocently drew the attention of the Vatican to it, and were, after repeated letters, snubbed for their intrusion.

The truth is that the whole traffic is under the control of the Vatican. These bulas are no bits of medieval parchment that have lingered into the dawn of the Twentieth Century; they are printed afresh every year, and they can not be issued until an annual permission comes from Rome. Then a procession of heralds marches through the streets of Madrid announcing the glad news that Spain's unique privilege has been renewed. What a spectacle! Through streets equipped with the latest achievements of modern science there still marches the medieval troop, crying in the ears of educated Madrid that Spain still lives in the Fifteenth Century. I have only to add that until Eighteen Hundred Seventy the Vatican openly took a percentage on this sordid traffic. In these days of inquisitive American and English converts we do not know what the understanding is between the Papacy and the Archbishop of Toledo, who issues and seals those symbols of the Spanish Church's degradation.

Holy Beggars.

From the sale of indulgences I pass to other features of Spanish Church life which are hardly less repellent. One of the most offensive practises that the traveler notices in modern Spain is the persistent begging. There are more than ninety-one thousand beggars in Spain, and they regard themselves as practising a profession which has the peculiar sanction of the Church. A resident in Spain informed me that he was boldly accosted for alms by a man whom he knew to have a flourishing market-garden near his own residence. Mrs. Bates, in her "Spanish Highways and Byways," tells a story of a German lady who was accosted by a beggar. With modern feeling she explained to him that she would do something more pleasant than give him alms; she would give him an opportunity to earn the money. He drew his cloak about him with the dignity of a hidalgo, as he replied, "Madam, I am a beggar, not a laborer." The Church is directly responsible for this tribe of repulsive idlers. Her edifices are thrown open periodically that pious ladies may distribute bread, wine and cigarettes to the sitting crowd of professional beggars.

Catholicism and Education.

Far heavier, however, is the guilt of the clergy in regard to the atrocious proportion of illiterates in Spain. We are urged to regard the Catholic Church as the great founder of schools, the educator of Europe. The claim is easily tested. There are still two parts of Europe where her power is practically unbroken—Spain and Southern Italy. In Spain the proportion of illiterates is sixty-eight per cent., and in Southern Italy—in Calabria—it is seventy-nine per cent. of the population.

Under Liberal pressure, a law of compulsory education was passed in Spain. By Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven, four millions out of sixteen millions could read and write, and in the subsequent thirty years the ratio has only risen to six millions in eighteen and one-half million people. The teacher is awarded a salary of about a hundred dollars a year, so that the character of such instruction as is given may easily be conjectured. But the State will not even provide this sum, and schoolmasters are thrown on the voluntary donations of parents. The result is that the vast majority of the children get no instructions, and the schoolmaster is the butt of Spanish wit. The Madrid papers gave a case in Nineteen Hundred Three of a master who canvassed a district to find how many parents would contribute if he opened a school. Three families in one hundred promised to contribute. In another place, not far from Madrid, the *alcalde* endeavored to enforce the law, which is universally disregarded, that there should be no bull-fights where the master's salary was not paid. The infuriated people drove the teacher to the plaza and there baited him. Thousands of children in Madrid itself have no school accommodation.

The Blessing of Illiteracy.

For this state of uncivilization the guilt must be equally divided between the Church and the State. Neither wishes to see the people educated. In one important respect, however, the Church has the greater guilt. Poor the State is, undoubtedly, though no sane social student will fail to see how profitably a large part of its expenditure would be diverted to

education. But the Church is wealthy, immensely wealthy. The vast revenue already mentioned, together with all parochial dues and collection, goes to the secular (or parochial) clergy, in whose larger churches and cathedrals immense treasure has accumulated. While the workers in parts of Spain must labor for about five pesetas (ninety cents) a week, and while despairing schoolmasters must set their hands to whatever incongruous employment they can discover to augment their fifty to a hundred dollars a year for teaching in barnlike structures, the wealthier churches house incalculable treasure, and the clergy usually live in great comfort. The wardrobe of the image of the Virgin at Toledo would alone suffice to build hundreds of fine schools. "One robe bears," says Mrs. Bates, "eighty-five thousand large pearls, and as many sapphires, amethysts and diamonds." The crown used to decorate the statue is worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and the bracelets ten thousand dollars. The total value of this useless and senseless jewelry in the great churches of Spain is beyond calculation; and the country is too poor to educate more than a part of its children, and that with ridiculous inadequacy. Cordova alone has six hundred priests to fifty-five thousand people; and Cordova is on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Blind Mouths."

But this overwhelming sufficiency of parochial clergy, with its incalculable wealth, is not the chief source of offense to enlightened Spaniards. A vast population of monks and nuns and Jesuits, who do no parochial work, is spread over the land, and amasses wealth with even greater success than the secular clergy. In the heated conflicts of the two bodies the truth is suffered to leak out. A Spanish prelate, Monsignor Jose Veleza de Gunjado, has recently declared that these regulars (monks and nuns) own two-thirds of the money of the country and one-third of the wealth in property, etc. While they flaunt vows of poverty before the ignorant peasantry, they draw out of the healthy circulation of the impoverished country a colossal proportion of its resources. A religious review (the "*Revista Christiana*") gave the income of the Jesuit body at Manresa alone as more than seventy-five

thousand dollars a year, and this is only one among a thousand instances of an immensely wealthy community. Before the Phillippine Islands were taken from Spain, the Church drew one hundred thirteen million pesetas a year from the Islands, the State being content with a further sixty-six millions. Barcelona had one hundred sixty-five convents until the recent riots, many of them worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Province of Catalonia supported two thousand three hundred of these institutions.

Popery and Decency.

Nor must the reader be misled by audacious Catholic assurances that these wealthy communities represent the voluntary piety of the faithful, and are holy retreats to which the timid may retire from "the world." Even in this country the Catholic clergy generally—I am not speaking at random: I have been a priest and a monk—disdain and detest the communities of monks. The idleness and petty hypocrisy to which their ascetic professions lead is fully described in my "Twelve Years in a Monastery." As I had the further advantage of living in monasteries in a "Catholic" country (Belgium), I obtained some idea of the real nature of such institutions under more or less normal conditions. The appalling laziness of the vast majority, the gross ignorance which masquerades as humility, the enormous consumption of alcohol behind closed doors, the all-pervading hypocrisy and very widespread immorality, would if they were fully appreciated by the educated laity of Belgium, turn the smoldering anti-clericalism into a fierce blaze of anger. Not one monk in twenty merited respect, even in his superstitions. The great majority were grossly sensual, lazy and hypocritical. But even in Belgium there is a large body of critical observers, and the monasteries of Spain have the same corruption in a far greater degree.

A Salacious Clergy.

The gross animality of the monks, the unscrupulousness of the Jesuits—for the Jesuit in Spain is a Jesuit—and the widespread immorality of the clergy are well known to Spaniards. Any who imagine that the charge of flagrant im-

morality against the Spanish clergy is a Protestant or Rationalist calumny should read "The Priest and the People in Spain," written by an Irish Roman Catholic, Mr. Doran, who wisely chooses to disassociate his co-religionists severely and emphatically from the Roman Catholicism of Spain. "I can remember the time," he says, "when I would have dropped the acquaintance of my best friend had he but said, or hinted, half the things I now know to be true in regard to the condition of the Church in Spain." He states that on one occasion, when he was dining with a number of Spanish priests, he remarked, "without giving the least offense," that "if some of them ventured to say in Mass in Ireland they would be dragged off the altar." They replied, genially, that they always confessed to a companion before Mass. He found a state of immorality among the clergy "which it takes an Irishman half a lifetime to understand and an eternity to forgive." The sister of the gentleman at whose house he was staying was the mistress of a priest. He adds that the Spanish clergy will marry uncles to nieces readily, "given a sufficient amount of money," and that "nine Spaniards out of ten will tell you that the desire to earn an easy living is the motive which induces so many to join the clergy."

A Trained Hierachy.

After this Catholic testimony I need not linger over the morality of the Spanish clergy. As an ex-priest I have always refused to create prejudice against my late co-religionists by discussing this side of their affairs; but when, in their corrupt interests, a body of priests like those of the Spanish Church egg on the civic or military officials to murder, it is time to speak. There is immorality enough even among the priests of this country. Sordid cases came to my personal knowledge. In Belgium the condition—a condition that any candid person will expect from their enforced celibacy and good living—is far worse. In Spain and the South of Italy it is flagrant, nor is it confined to the lower clergy and the monks. A writer in the "Church Quarterly" relates how an Italian prelate calmly discussed with him the fact, which he neither resented nor denied, that one of the candidates for the papal throne,

one of the most distinguished cardinals in the Church, was a man of "conspicuous immorality." The cardinal in question, whose life was described to me in Rome, kept a mistress in a villa not many miles from the Vatican. The hypocrisy that asks English people to shudder over the very intelligible and quite open conduct of Ferrer, whom the Church of Spain prevented from marrying when he wished, and cheerfully acquiesces in this sordid condition of the clergy wherever the mass of the people are still Catholic, is too revolting to characterize.

"Free Unions."

It must not be imagined, however, that this condition of the clergy in Spain is one of the popular charges against them. For many centuries, in the Latin countries, the clergy have withheld their strictures on the conduct of their followers, and the greatest laxity prevails. In Seville, a town renowned for its Catholicism, a French Catholic writer, M. Bazin, was told by a priest that more than half the unions of men and women were "free unions." While the Church parades before the world its high ideal of chastity, and speaks hypocritically of the growth of immorality in the wake of heresy, it is precisely in those regions where it retains enormous power to-day, and has held absolute sway for ages, that we find the most immoral parts of Europe. Northern Italy, predominant in rebellion against the Church, has a ratio of illegitimate births of only six per cent.; the Roman province has a ratio of twenty per cent., and the Southern provinces much the same. It is a foolish superstition, encouraged by Catholics, that the laxity of the Latin races is a matter of temperature. The Northern races were just as bad before the Reformation. That notorious laxity is due solely to the fact that an immoral clergy never dared to press on the people their theoretic gospel of chastity.

Enlightened Spaniards Are Bitter.

But if the bulk of the Spaniards smile at the immorality of their priests, those more enlightened Spaniards who see the lifeblood of their country being drained to sustain such a system feel a pardonable bitterness. Let me give one detail

by which one may measure the whole monstrosity. Diercks relates that the "Revista Christiana" at one time made a calculation of the value of the wax and incense burned in Spanish churches in the course of a year. The total reached the extraordinary sum of seven million five hundred thousand dollars--a sum little short of what Spain spends on education! And this is one small item of the total cost to the country of its religious system. Add to this the millions obtained in the ordinary way of fees and collections, the millions received for bulas, the millions charged (on one pretext or another) for scapulars, rosaries, bullet-proof prayers, agnus-deis, and the whole medieval magazine of charms, the millions received for obtaining dispensations to marry, for baptisms, funerals, masses (each of which costs from two to twenty pesetas), and other ceremonies, the millions acquired by wills, by taking over the goods of monastic aspirants, and in other ways. And the whole of this vast proportion of an impoverished circulation goes to feed the parasitic growth, with no spiritual vitality or social usefulness, which I have described. Let the light fall upon the mind of Spain, and this decrepit and corrupt agglomeration of medieval vices and abuses will be swept ruthlessly away. Rebellion against the Vatican has followed immediately upon the extension of popular enlightenment in France, in Northern Italy, and in those South American republics which have dared to educate. Beyond all question, it is following the same course in Spain.

Will this effete and corrupt body, with all its dependent industries, contemplate impartially the spread of education in Spain? Will that colossal revenue from bulas and other medieval barbarities continue when Spain is Europeanized--to use the phrase of its own social students?

How Can These Things Be?

But if Spain is so largely anti-clerical, how comes the Church to retain the power it does? Spain is seething with anti-clericalism. Mr. Isaacson, in his "Rome in Many Lands," quotes an orthodox Spanish paper, "El Correo Espanol," to the effect that only one million five hundred thousand men and three million five hundred thousand women, in a population of

eighteen million five hundred thousand, now obey the clergy in Spain. I have dealt thoroughly with the question in my "Decay of the Church of Rome." If that be so, how can we explain the power of the Church?

Here we come to another and not less sordid aspect of Spanish life, which it is absolutely necessary to understand if we wish to understand the murder of Ferrer. The political system is not less corrupt than the clerical, and the two corruptions support each other with despairing unscrupulousness. Many who are willing to admit the corruption of the Church will hesitate here, but it is a platitude of recent Spanish literature, and in fact is so well recognized by responsible Spanish statesmen as to make one wonder why any representative government treats the Spanish Government as a civilized Power.

This is the opportunity of the clergy. Driven from other lands, they make their last stand in Spain. From France, from Portugal, from Cuba, from the Philippines, they have concentrated on the land where only a few millions can read and write, and the political power is manipulated by a system as corrupt as their own. Within a few years, probably, they will be reinforced by the exiled monks of Italy. So long as Spain is ignorant, or only taught a smattering of letters and a vast amount of terrifying superstition in their own schools, they are safe. But they can not wholly shut out the light from France and England, and they play a desperate game. Jesuitry is Jesuitry in Spain. From the boudoir of the Queen-mother, and now, I am informed, from the boudoir of the Queen, whom they have won, they rule Spain and swoop down with ferocity on all eruptions of revolt.

**HAVE YOU RENEWED YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION ?**

"LITTLE ITALY" AND THE CHURCH.

"He who comes talking religion you may watch with sharp eyes, for he means no good!" said a Sicilian bookseller in Little Italy.

"The priests will not even say a prayer without being paid for it," he went on. "They are more greedy for the dollars than these Jew money-lenders here in New York. They would send a soul to hell for lack of a fifty-cent fee. But then," and his shoulders went up expressively, "I suppose it is all right. Religion is their business, and every man must look to his business."

The churches in America—Roman Catholic and Protestant alike—are facing a difficult problem in the Italian immigrant. For centuries in Southern Italy he has been oppressed and exploited by an army of shrewd, parasitic priests, of whom all right-minded Christians are heartily ashamed. Small wonder it is that there has been bred in his heart the bitter hatred and distrust for the Christian Church and all agencies that act under the name of religion.

The writer a few months ago crossed from Naples to New York in the steerage. Constant inquiry among the half thousand Italian immigrants failed to reveal one who would express any love for the Church, though there were expressions of fear and awe, of radical skepticism, and, most of all, of sharp venomous enmity. The great majority of these prospective Americans had cut loose from the old faith and had become practically irreligious. Atheism and superstition were strangely mixed. Of genuine religion there was none apparent.

The Italians in America are a people without a religion. Of the one and a half million Italians in the United States it is estimated that less than ten per cent. are regular attendants at the confessional and less than five per cent. are members of Protestant churches. Not five per cent. of the Italians in New York attend any church.

The forty-four Protestant churches in New York are, to be sure, making rapid progress. Well on to a thousand communicants were added during the past year. But all these centres of Protestantism together claim only five thousand

communicants—about one per cent. of the total foreign-born Italian population of New York.

It is not uncommon to see only two or three natives of Italy in an Italian Catholic church of a Sunday morning; the rest are apt to be all Irish. And as an instance of the devotion which the Italians have for the Pope, the annual collection for him, which was taken in an Italian Roman Catholic church in Brooklyn, which claims eight thousand parishioners, only amounted to \$1.17.

The Land of Doubt.

Massimo D'Azeglio, a distinguished man of letters in early days of the Italian struggle for liberty and unity, characterized Italy as "the ancient land of doubt—the land of 'Who knows if it is true?'" This dismal fatality, begotten of ecclesiastical oppression and greed, still weighs upon these people, naturally so receptive and responsive to the truth—the people who were the first to listen to the sweet sounds of Christian teaching from the lips of the apostle and for centuries led the world in philosophy, art, literature, enterprise and thought. This spirit of skepticism has never been so noticeable as in our own days—days in which D'Azeglio tells us that doubt has made his fellow-countrymen idle and lazy so that the Florentine says, "Don't trouble yourself;" the Venetian: "Don't let us quarrel about it;" the Neapolitan: "It does not matter to me."

In Northern Italy, where the majority of the citizens are well educated and intelligent, the Church is almost universally discredited. In Southern Italy, where black ignorance prevails, the Church is still able to exact its claims, although thousands desert its ranks yearly.

The so styled "religion" of these Southern Italians is rather a hideous web of superstition. Many a thread and tangle of this maze of Church-hallowed fetish-worship was brought to view during my fifteen days in the Italian steerage.

A young Italian farmer from the vicinity of Pompeii showed me a religious lucky piece, consisting of a silver cross and a religious medal which he carried on a cord about his neck under his clothing.

"You know we have so many black spirits in Italy that no one is safe without one of these things!"

"Spirits!" I exclaimed. "Tell me about them."

The young farmer's eyes grew big with awesome recollection and his voice dropped almost to a husky whisper.

"Some dark nights when the wind is creeping about through the trees making strange noises like women crying, you see them sometimes—these witches—standing on a high hill like black marks against the sky. They wail and yell. Deo! what a frightful cry they make!"

My companion shivered. Then, embarrassed by his own show of trepidation, he hurried on with a strained little laugh.

"Oh, they wouldn't be so bad if they would stay just women! But they can change into anything! One night I saw one of them on a hill-top and her hair was flying and her face was glistening white, and suddenly she changed into a bird and flew down to the river, and a snake swam across the river near to where I was standing, and then a horse ran past me along the bank!"

I didn't need to ask him if the experience had frightened him, for he was white with terror.

"Why were you afraid?" I questioned. "Didn't you have this on?"

"No, I didn't have any thing. And when I got home my mother said, 'Giovanni, you ought to have a charm.' I went to the priest and he said there would be no danger if I would wear this. So I bought it for fifteen lire" (three dollars).

The bunk next to mine was occupied by a genial ignoramus and devil—he was both—who had several "wives" in America and Italy, detested the priests because they declined to continue marrying him to new amante, had a number of children housed in various institutions, a collection of seduced girls to brag about, and a general trail of dirt and slime behind him. One night when he had been recounting some of his exploits I asked him if he never looked for consequences from such a life.

"Ho, ho, no!" he laughed. "Me all right—so long as I have this!"

He drew from his pocket an inconceivably shabby colored

picture of the Virgin and Child. They were portrayed in blazing primary colors sadly out of register, so that the patches of green, red, yellow and blue overlapped weirdly. Both the Virgin and Child wore enormous iron crowns, and broken chains hung from the Madonna's hand. Under the picture were the words, "Maria Santissima della Catena" (Most Sacred Mary of the Chains).

"This makes everything all right," said the Italian. "No matter, steal, kill—everything good. The priest sell that to me for twenty-five lire. If I keep it, nothing hurt. No can drown, no go hell, no put in jail—nothing!"

And the picture was slipped back into a safe inside pocket.

The next few days revealed scores of such talismans: tiny red carrots of wood or porcelain to protect the wearer against the Evil Eye, crosses and bleeding hearts printed upon cloth and sewn away into the inner fastnesses of the underclothing, coarse colored pictures of saints, worth perhaps a quarter of a cent each, but for which their owners had gladly paid sometimes to real and sometimes to pretended representatives of the Catholic Church from two to ten dollars apiece.

The Italian in America Unchurched.

These instances merely suggest the methods by which the Catholic Church exercises its gradually weakening control over the peasants of Southern Italy. Upon crossing to America, the new feeling of freedom, independence and enlightenment which America gives to all her immigrants sharply snaps these bonds of superstitious fealty, and the Italian in America, abandoning his Old World faith, and naturally suspicious of all organizations professing religion, is left churchless and religionless.

The majority of Italian Catholic Churches here are presided over by Irish priests and supported by Irish people. One would naturally suppose that the large inflow of Italians to America would strengthen the Roman Catholic Church here. Almost the opposite seems to be true. Those few Italians who keep up some semblance of allegiance care only for the show and ceremony of religion, and will not pay even for that. They will take part in glittering festas when bands play, shrines

are festooned and fireworks set off; but they usually overlook mass, and they are far from being as faithful attendants at the confessional as are the Irish and German parishioners.

And the great mass of Italians in America remain entirely unchurched.

The Italian's American-born disdain for the traditional faith of his people is reflected in the remark of an Italian-American who was mildly reproved by a social worker for saying bitter things about his Church.

"You must not speak that way about the Catholic Church," said the social worker.

"Why me no speak that way?"

"Because they'll excommunicate you if you do."

"Ho!" laughed the Italian. "Me excommunicated three times. It no hurt."

Obviously, the problem before American Protestantism is not that of changing the Italian from one religion to another. It is the problem of giving him a religion. He is still a heathen who needs to have his spiritual nature discovered and stirred after which the elements of the gospel message should be preached to him in the simplest possible way.

Ecclesiastical circles in Rome are much alarmed over the question of celibacy, which has been raised in an acute form in the Czecho-Slovak countries. Six hundred Catholic priests in Bohemia have asked for permission to marry, while another eight hundred have passed over to the Reformed Church, in order to hasten their marriages without waiting for authorization from Rome.

THE POPE, THE PRESIDENT, AND THE ADRIATIC INTRIGUE.

Owing to ill-health the editor has been unable to complete this article for the April number. The article, with some very interesting illustrations, will appear in a later issue.

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BOOK REVIEW

GREATER THAN THE GREATEST. By Hamilton Drummond. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.

An exceptionally interesting historical novel is "Greater Than the Greatest," a tale of the thirteenth century struggle between Emperor and Pope. It is not a story of men and women whose lives merely touched the great events of the time, but of those great events themselves and of the people who actually played the leading parts therein. Across the stage of Mr. Drummond's book go Pope and Emperor, Cardinal and warrior of mediæval Rome. And as a background for the stirring incidents of the story there is the fascinating imperial city, its streets and its households and the court of the Pope.

The heroine of the novel is Bianca Pandone, a beautiful girl of the Marches, whose uncle, risen to eminence as a Cardinal, forgets her and her poverty until he needs a tool for his ambitious schemes. When Frederick the Emperor threatens to disobey the proud Gregory IX., as he has already disobeyed the gentler Pope Honorius, the conflict that, deep below the smoothest of surface courtesy, has been going on between the Emperor's Court and the Vatican faces an impasse. The proud and lovely Bianca can be used as a lure to "draw out" Frederick, to learn his plans, and, it may be, his plots as well. And with the knowledge that, through her, he can gain for the use of the Vatican, the ambitious Cardinal may well count on the certainty of being chosen as the brilliant but aged Gregory's successor.

This is the situation on which the plot of "Greater Than the Greatest" is built, and an interesting and exciting situation it is. But the marked excellence of the book does not depend on the eventfulness of its plot. The story has the prime characteristic of a good historical novel; it presents an atmosphere. And it has a quality, besides, that is not always found in stories of adventure—its characters are exceedingly well-drawn. Rome, in the pages of Mr. Drummond's book, becomes a moving, vivid, thrilling place. The city is alive. The Vatican, the crowded streets, the courtyards of the great palaces—they are pictured with telling skill, peopled most realistically. And the men and women of the story are not mere puppets, not to be labeled as "hero" or "villain" or "good" or "bad." They are people with human complexities and contradictions and uncertainties. The portrait of the Cardinal is most interesting. Bianca herself is full of surprises. The young hero who follows her through all the toils of her uncle's ambitious intrigues is a very human young man; and there is much to interest and charm even in the minor characters in the book. Altogether, this tale of the thirteenth century deserves much praise.

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- ROMANISM, A MENACE TO THE NATION. By Father Crowley. \$2.50.
- THE DECAY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. \$2.50.
- THE STRUGGLE FOR CHRISTIAN TRUTH IN ITALY. By Giovanni Luzzi, D.D. \$1.50.
- ROMAN CATHOLICISM ANALYZED. By J. A. Phillips. \$1.75.
- WHY I BELIEVE THE BIBLE. By David James Burrell. \$1.35.
- SPAIN FROM WITHIN. By Raphael Shaw. \$2.50.
- THE ESCAPED NUN. By Margaret Mary Moulst (Dame Maurus). 300 pages. 75 cents.
- THE DOUBLE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. By the Baroness von Zedtwitz (Miss Caldwell). 50 cents.
- PAPAL MERCHANDISE. By Ernest Phillips. \$1.00.
- FATHER CHINIQUY'S TWO GREAT WORKS: Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. \$3.00.
- THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN AND THE CONFESSIONAL. By Father Chiniquy. \$1.35.
- ROMAN CATHOLICISM CAPITULATING BEFORE PROTESTANTISM. By Rev. Juan Ortiz Gonzales, a former Monk. \$1.25, postpaid.
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- PERU: Its Story, People and Religion. By Geraldine Guinness. \$2.50.
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